

The Historie of

That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,
Worse then a smokie House. I had rather liue
With Cheese and Garlike in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-house in Chriltendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: shall I tell you, Coosen,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,
When you come crosse his humor, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the tast of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither, haue done enough.
To put him quite besides his patience:
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,
And thats the dearest grace it renders you:
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouernement,
Pride, hautinesse, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behind a stain
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hor. Well, I am schoold, Good-manners be your speed,
Heere come our wiues, and let vs take our leaues.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speake no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glen. My Daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,
Sheele

Henry the Fourth.

Sheele be a fouldier too, sheele to the warres.

Mor. Good father tell her, that she, and my Aunt
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speakes to her in welsh, and she answers
him in the same.*

Glen. She is desperat heere,
A peeuis selfe-wil'd harlotry, one that no perswasion
good vpon.

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy lookes, that pretty welsh,
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling hea
I am too perfect in, and but for shame
In such a parley should I answer thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mor. I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweets as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bowre,
With rauishing diuision to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne mad.

The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it selfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you
And rest your gentle head vpon her lap,
And she will sing the song that plsafeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heauinesse,
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly haruest teeme
Begins his golden progresse in the East.

Mor. With all my heart Ile sit and heare her sing
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

Glen. Do so, and those Musitions that shall play to
Hang in the ayre a thousand Leagues from thence
And straight they shall be here, sit and attent.